

Remind Me of My Deepest Fantasies

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Remind Me of My Deepest Fantasies

by [venus43](#)

Summary

It's obvious really, one glance at his search history would give away all of his dirty secrets; tabs of small brunet boys being fucked face down by their taller counterpart, who'll lean over them and press them down by their neck, sticking two fingers into their mouth to make sure they're completely pliant and willing to take whatever they're given.

or, george likes how big his roommate is

Notes

hi !! new fic !! this took me a little while to complete and now that i have, i hope you guys like it !!

as always, if any of the content creators included ever state that they're uncomfortable with theses types of works then i wont hesitate to take this down :]

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's more of a guilty pleasure than anything – George always having felt better when his partner is bigger than others, can hurt him with his cock when it's too big. And he knows it's probably vain, it's arrogant, only wanting to sleep with men when they're well built with monster dicks, but he doesn't care, he likes what he likes, so what?

George likes feeling stretched, something big inside of him whenever he's bored. And he likes men that can lift him up, make his thighs tremble from trying to sink down on a cock that's far too big for him.

He likes the feeling of being smaller than someone, being pinned down by his hips and ruthlessly fucked into while he can barely move against the pressure of their hands on his waist. And he likes them tall, strong enough to carry him and throw him against a wall if he asked, paired with enough charm to make him giggle and a passion for something life changing.

So in all honesty, George likes his roommate.

It's obvious really, one glance at his search history would give away all of his dirty secrets; tabs of small brunet boys being fucked face down by their taller counterpart, who'll lean over them and press them down by their neck, sticking two fingers into their mouth to make sure they're completely pliant and willing to take whatever they're given.

And admittedly, George will watch, have one leg haphazardly placed over his desk so his knees can point away from each other and his legs can sit sprawled apart. He'll position himself just above the largest dildo he owns, teasing himself with the head and imagining that it's him on the screen instead, bent over in front of his roommate, Dream.

The moans from the video will ring through his headphones, loud and obnoxious but George can't say much, he'd be the same in bed.

He'll imagine how Dream would feel pushing into him, how big his cock would be, how many accidental bruises he'll leave on George's waist just from holding on too hard, and his own cock will throb at the thought, muscles twitching in anticipation.

All of his previous boyfriends have been big, far taller than him with more muscle and stronger arms, and he's liked being physically weaker than them all, having them hold onto his hair and fuck his face until he's crying.

But of course it never lasts, either they get bored or George does, and so far it's never been something to be torn up over, physically they may have been George's type but that doesn't mean they were meant to be.

And then he met Dream.

A friend of Sapnap is what he introduced himself as, hanging off of George's door with his arm raised up and holding onto the frame. He'd poked his head through the entrance, pushing dirty blond hair out of his eyes and grinning, and one of the first things George really noticed was his height.

Maybe he's not the tallest guy that George had ever seen but still he was tall, quite lean too and exceptionally pretty, with long eyelashes and angled features.

"Dream," he had said, pushing a palm forwards to invade George's personal space and shake his own hand, and immediately George's eyes had gravitated to the way his own palm was encompassed by the other. Thick, long fingers making his own look even daintier.

And he remembers the way Dream had smiled at him, helping to reach things off the top shelves to try and make a good impression, and it worked, in fact he'd moved in less than a month later.

So for as long as he can remember, George has sat silently pining over his new roommate, trying not to make his desperation too obvious, and it's come to the point where he doesn't even think that going out and having sex would cure him, being too pent up to even fathom doing anything with anyone else anyway.

Instead, almost daily he'll stand in front of one of the highest shelves, pretending he can't reach it when he's perfectly capable of getting onto the counter and grabbing what he needs. And routinely, Dream will stand behind him, press his hips against the countertop and easily reach up to hand George what he wants.

Or George will sit in his room, scanning through a website to try and find something that he knows he won't be able to carry just so he can watch Dream's muscles flex as he takes the boxes to George's room. And he would feel bad but Dream doesn't seem to mind, always doing what he's asked without hesitation.

It's a struggle for a while but eventually George feels as though he has his feelings under control though. His gaze is still lined with lust and his hands still shake when he imagines just how good Dream could make him feel, but he still acts in control, well, until Dream decides to make things harder for him, that is.

"What are you doing?" George asks one morning, looking up from where he sits on the couch.

As usual, his laptop is glued to his body, warm to the touch and sitting on his lap so no one else can see the screen. He has good reason to not want anyone to see though, various tabs that he doesn't want to close still loaded up and muted behind the current one. And it's risky sure, but it's not as though anyone has noticed yet.

Standing by the door, Dream pulls on his shoes, a small bag on his shoulder and a water bottle in hand. "Going out," He chirps, shrugging as though it should be obvious, and George has always hated that happy-go-lucky attitude, but he's learnt not to verbalise that.

"I can see," George says, frowning. He pulls his laptop screen down, shifting to fully face the other, "I meant, where are you going?"

"The gym."

"Since when do you work out?" George asks with a raise of his eyebrow.

"Since today," Dream explains, obviously noting the blatant disgust in George's expression. "It's not a bad thing to be in shape."

"You're already in shape."

And it's true, Dream has always been strong, eating healthier than George and making sure to point out just how much more muscle he has than the other and although he'll never admit it, something about the fact that Dream can keep himself healthy and still find time to fuck around with their friend group on off days makes him squirm.

"And I'd like to stay that way," Dream tacks on. Giving him a small wave, he reaches to unlock the door, messing with the keys and almost missing the lock. "I'll be back in a few hours." He says, expecting a verbal response and not getting one, "Goodbye?"

“Bye,” George hums.

The door slams shut behind him.

The exhale that George lets out is audible, strained breathing evident on his scarlet face. Dream’s going to work out, that’s new. It’s attractive, George thinks without meaning to, most of his old boyfriends worked out too, tried to drag him to the gym on weekends but he’d always refused.

But the image of Dream, sweaty and breathless, being able to lift double George’s weight makes him reconsider.

“Fuck,” George whispers, more to himself than anyone else. Just the thought of his roommate like that shouldn’t make him as worked up as it does, and his hips roll up, rubbing against the material of his sweatpants.

He hasn’t jerked off in a while, maybe a last week or maybe a few days ago, he isn’t counting. Honestly, he’s just been too busy, so it doesn’t take much for him to get him worked up.

The material of his sweatpants feels too tight, his cock slowly getting hard, and he dips his fingers down past the waistband, letting his fingers trail across the smooth skin. It’s probably not the place for it, sitting in the living room with Dream later will feel wrong, but he doesn’t want to move anyway.

George coughs, moving the laptop on his thighs and flicking it onto a new tab. It’s one of his favourite videos, some blond pinning a black-haired guy’s stomach to the wall, fucking him against it with his hands on his hips.

The blonds face is shielded, pressed against the others neck, and he’s bigger than him, far stronger with a giant dick that even George would find too big. One time, he asked a guy to fuck him like that, hold him up and keep him seated on his dick, and although George knows it wasn’t the most comfortable position, he’d ask Dream to do it in a heartbeat.

Hesitantly, he pushes his fingers into his underwear, tugging his cock out of the restraint so he can wrap his palm around it. He’s only half hard, the touch making his cock grow, and he’s not small by any means, perfectly average in fact, but next to the guy on the screen it’s much less than impressive.

Turning the audio up on the video, George lifts his palm, spitting on it to try and make things easier for himself.

The guy in the video looks to be having fun, obscene moans slipping through the speakers just loud enough for George to hear them, but not enough to draw the attention of the neighbours. He pushes the laptop out of the way, further down his thighs so it’s balanced dangerously on the edge.

A spit-slick hand is wrapped around the base of his cock, body reacting instantly to the touch with a small tremble, and the pleasure is immediate, warmth running through his veins as he strokes himself uncertainly.

Each movement of his hand feels amazing, the fact he hasn’t done this in a while only making it better.

He wonders if Dream would be cocky, fuck him deep and hard and not leave room for complaint, or he’d be brutal, go quick and animalistic to knock every breath out of his lungs until he can’t speak. Maybe he’d hold George up, grab him by the thighs and keep him against a door without letting him slip.

“Oh fuck,” George breathes, moving his hand a bit faster and twisting on the upstroke. He wants to know if Dream would be soft with him, make him cry from pleasure and nothing more, maybe he’d let George boss him around a bit, make sure he knows exactly how to fuck him until he’s delirious.

He wants to know how big Dream’s cock is, how it would feel on his tongue, and he’s whimpering softly, feeling himself get closer after every second. It bubbles up in his chest, making his mind go fuzzy, and the moans from his laptop are only getting louder, the guy on the screen getting closer just as George does.

“*Dream*,” he moans, eyes screwing shut as his fingers trace over his slit, thumb digging in and making him jump. His orgasm takes him by surprise, cum making his fingers sticky and warm and his vision blurs with his hips moving up to fuck into his fist and ride out the high.

“Fuck,” George breathes. His chest rises and falls, hair in front of his eyes, and he moves to push the laptop off of his thighs and onto the table to the side of him. The screen gets pushed down fully, closing off the power, and George haphazardly tucks himself away.

The cum cools on his fingers, sticky and uncomfortable, and with a sour expression on his face, George pushes himself up to find the bathroom. He makes sure to use his clean hand to open up the door, post-orgasm bliss making his movements light.

It’s still early in the morning, light glaring through the windows, but that doesn’t stop George’s feet from dragging against the floor. He doesn’t know when Dream will be back, in fact it’s better that way, so he isn’t sitting by the door with wide eyes in the hopes of seeing sweaty, tan skin and dishevelled, blond air.

His boxers feel gross, everything so tight and wrong touching his skin. And after running his hands under the water, he treks towards his room.

George practically flops onto the bed, guilt from the thoughts of his friend flooding his brain and making him tired. Lazily, he kicks off his sweatpants, boxers going with them and landing on the floor.

There’s a part of him that wants to get over this stupid crush, find something more realistic to get off on, but he can’t, Dream’s too close and too hot for George to let go.

Reluctantly, he grabs a new pair of underwear out of his drawer, barely managing to slip his legs through them. Off the side table, he grabs his phone and it’s just to check if Dream’s sent him another message, but he hasn’t.

His hips still twitch against the bed, grinding down lazily, and there’s no chance he can get it back up just yet, but the pressure is still nice. Brown eyes close with drowsiness, and George’s legs are still touching the cold air, bare skin exposed other than the spots covered by black cloth.

A nap won’t hurt, George reasons. Even if it would his body doesn’t care, shutting down almost immediately with the hangings of his orgasm still at the tips of his fingers.

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The afternoon startles him.

Time feels wrong, moving to distort him as much as it can, and George doesn't know the time, or how long he's been asleep, he just knows that he doesn't want to be up just yet.

He's woken up by a knock on his door, the shuffling of clothes making him hum in confusion. And he picks his head up in an attempt to look towards the door but he's squinting too much to see anything properly.

"Hey George," Dream's voice says, sticking his head through the door. And George is too tired to really listen to what he's saying, the words coming across slurred and fuzzy. "Borrowing your laptop to for a minute, mines fucked."

"Whatever," George mumbles. He buries his head further into his pillow, turning against the warmth.

There's no chance that Dream knows his password, right? The thought gets pushed to the back of his mind, teetering on the edge of forgotten, and there's no use in worrying whether or not Dream will actually get onto his laptop, because he won't. He won't.

So without giving himself the chance to really think about the situation, George closes his eyes, letting himself go back to sleep.

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The next time he wakes up it's getting late.

Sunlight that used to glare through the windows has melted into moonlight, and George spares a glance towards his phone but doesn't see anything noteworthy. Swinging his legs off of the side of the bed, George stands up, not bothering to grab a new pair of sweatpants (Dream's seen it before anyway.)

His feet barely touch the floor, the steps he takes towards the door all being light and mapped out, and his fingers go towards the handle weakly. The door's jammed a bit, slightly hard to open, and George makes a mental note to ask Dream to fix it later.

He doesn't know what he was expecting when he leaves his room, maybe just to see his roommate milling about as he normally does, but the smirk on Dream's face is something completely jarring.

"Really George?" He asks, tone almost knocking the smaller off of his feet.

Open on his thighs is George's laptop, the screen so blatantly glaring light onto his face and it throws George for a loop, barely managing to focus on how Dream's feet are resting on the small coffee table the way that George has told him off for so many times.

It's obvious that he's showered, probably having come home from the gym and gone straight away to get changed. And it makes George's mind wander.

How vigorous was his workout? Will he be going back? Is he just as strong as George had thought? His mind runs so far that George barely even notices how Dream is messing around on the keyboard, but it hits him all at once.

Dream is on his laptop.

Fuck.

“What?” George chuckles weakly, feigning complete ignorance even though he knows it’s useless.

With a stupidly smug grin on his face, Dream leans further towards the screen, squinting slightly to copy off the words. “‘Cute brunet gets pounded by giant cock’,” he reads, raising his eyebrows as he does so, and the feeling of dread that overtakes George’s body is more than overwhelming.

The silence in the air is deafening, uncertainty making George shift from foot to foot. He should never have agreed to let Dream touch the thing, next time he’s going to lock his laptop up in a cupboard and only take it out for regulated times.

Face burning, George doesn’t know if he should try and disappear back into his room or let Dream have his fun for the time being. And in the end, he decides that he should just get it over with right now.

“I mean ‘Bodybuilder ruins twink with monster cock’, what kind of shit are you into?”

George is embarrassed to say he recognises the title. It’s probably one of his favourite videos, some blond that resembles Dream a bit too much, fucking another guy hard and fast on the bed, the smaller barely being able to say anything other than moan.

He’s jerked off to it, far too many times, fucked himself on a dildo and pretended it was Dream’s cock instead, and although he’d never imagined Dream finding out about it, he’s not embarrassed of what he likes, more of who’s found out.

“They look like us too!” Dream exclaims, jabbing an accusatory finger towards the screen, “I mean, my dick’s bigger, but other than that it’s picture perfect.”

“No it’s not,” George scoffs before he can stop himself. He’s seen that video so many times and there is no possible way that Dream is bigger than the guy on the screen. He refuses to believe that.

“It is!” Dream insists. He sits a little straighter, placing the laptop down next to him for emphasis. And when George shakes his head, embarrassment forgotten for curiosity, it only makes Dream speak more, “No I swear, I don’t even know how I carry this thing around; it weighs me down.”

Rolling his eyes, George laughs, “Shut up,”

“No, I’m telling the truth.”

The indignant look on Dream’s face is almost funny. He seems to want George to know how big he is a little too much, and George is almost shocked by the eagerness, but he knows how Dream can get sometimes – always wanting to prove himself better no matter the situation.

“You’d probably love it,” Dream suggests, “Considering you’re what? A size queen?”

“I am not!” George cries. His mouth drops into an ‘O’, jaw practically on the ground – because he is not a size queen, why would Dream even think about saying that?

Dream raises an eyebrow, scoffing at the expression in front of him. “I’ve seen the porn you watch George,” He says flatly, “There is no point in denying it.”

Glaring at Dream as best he can, George crosses his arms.

“Shut up.”

“I mean it’s kind of hot,” Dream admits, still going on, “And every single video looks like me, as well. Like George, do you have something to tell me?”

“No.” George can feel his cheeks burn red, scarlet blush getting stronger as Dream peers further into his thoughts.

“So nothing about how much you want me to fuck you?” Dream asks.

“Dream!” George exclaims, completely scandalized, “I do not.”

“So you’ve never imagined how my dick would feel?” Dream pries, seemingly not knowing when to fucking shut up, “How much I’d have to stretch you for you to be able to take it all?”

Dream cannot be that big, George reasons, he just can’t be, but still George’s mind wanders to places it doesn’t need to be, his bottom lip snagging between his teeth as he thinks about things he shouldn’t.

“Awfully quiet there Georgie” Dream pushes. Disgustingly smug, he moves his feet down from the table, setting them on the floor way slightly apart, and he’s trying not to look but he can easily see the outline of Dream’s cock through the thin material of his sweatpants.

“Well I might have thought about it before,” He mutters, reluctant words coming across feebler and more pathetic than intended.

“Fuck,” Dream mumbles, trying to catch umber eyes in a deep stare. “Yeah? You imagined it inside you, in your mouth?”

He has, he definitely has, but that doesn’t mean he wants to admit it.

“Dream,” He breathes. The blush on his face can’t have died down yet, it’s glaringly obvious and George knows he doesn’t look great. Barely awake and still standing in the (likely dirty) shirt from earlier, with his hair looking a mess in front of his eyes.

“Come on George,” Dream continues, “Tell me you’ve thought about it.”

“I have,” he whispers, voice barely even audible under Dream’s eyes.

Still sitting, Dream places a hand on his thigh, George’s sight following it, and it makes the taller smile. “Would you suck my dick?” Dream asks, “Hypothetically.”

There’s caution in his tone, something unfamiliar that George isn’t used to hearing from him, and he nods, because he would, he definitely would.

“I bet you give such good head Georgie,” Dream rambles, “I’ve thought about it too, pushing my dick between those pretty pink lips, and making you cry because you can’t take it – but you’d try, wouldn’t you? You’d do your best to take it down your throat even if it’s too big.”

George frowns, “Your ego has got to be compensating for something.”

“It’s not,” Dream chuckles, “But if you don’t believe me, you’re more than welcome to check for yourself.”

He moves his legs apart even further, making enough space for someone to sit down between them, and George knows what’s being asked of him and he definitely doesn’t mind it. Stepping away from the door, he wanders deeper into the room, making his way over to where Dream is sat

and just standing there.

“Go on then, no one’s stopping you,” Dream says, tapping his thigh, “On your knees Georgie.”

He bends to the instruction too easily, giving in and dropping down to his knees within seconds, and just to try and regain his stability, he bites, “Don’t call me that,” and watches Dream’s face lift in amusement.

“What do you want me to call you then?” Dream teases, “My little size queen?”

Frowning, George places a hand on Dream’s thigh, letting his fingers dig into his skin. “No.”

“What about princess?” Dream asks, and there’s no filter on his mouth anymore, ego only inflating when George’s fingers hesitate by the elastic of his pants. “Oh you like that one, don’t you?” He laughs, “Well get on with it princess.”

“I’ll leave,” George snaps, although immediately his hands go back to untying the little knot that Dream has made with the strings immediately, making his threat fruitless.

He’s impatient with his movements, gripping the back of Dream’s thigh tight to make him sit up. And he drags his sweatpants down past his thighs, letting them drop down to the floor. He looks up with curious eyes when he’s met with the material of Dream’s boxers. And already, he can see the bulge from where his cock lies underneath.

He looks big, George figures, but so do many guys, and he doesn’t want to get his hopes up just yet, because Dream could definitely just be stuffing socks in there to make it seem more impressive.

It only makes his curiosity grow, and it’s barely seconds later that he’s pulling Dream’s boxers down, mouth dropping open at the sight in front of him.

Okay. Wow.

That was not what he was expecting.

For a while, George doesn’t know what to say, his eyes flicking from Dream’s face to his dick. The breath seems to have escaped him, but honestly what is he meant to say.

He can see doubt on Dream’s features, the fact that George hasn’t spoken in a while making him squirm, and it must be odd to just be on show like this, but George doesn’t care, too invested what’s in front of him.

“Fuck,” He breathes out, head hanging low as he reaches forward to take Dream’s cock into his hand, “You’re big.”

So maybe Dream wasn’t lying.

Obviously, he’s not the biggest, not the longest, but he’s definitely big. His cock is thick, George’s hand barely fitting around, and the vein on the underside throbs in anticipation. He’s girthy, way bigger than any of George’s previous boyfriends, and it’s enough to make his mouth water.

He wants to taste it, feel the weight on his tongue when Dream fucks his throat and makes him choke. Under his hold, he can feel Dream getting hard, cock growing to seem even bigger now that it’s being touched.

“Good enough for you?” Dream asks. His fingers trail through the ends of George’s hair, stopping to root firmly against his head. George knows he’s just teasing, but he nods anyway, watching the way Dream’s cock stands to attention.

He wants it in him, wants it now, and his breathing gets shallow when he starts to pump Dream’s cock properly. By tomorrow his knees will be bruised, muted reds and violets colouring alabaster skin, but right now he’s fine with that, bringing his face closer to Dream’s cock to watch the way it grows hard.

Shocked eyes widen, George rubbing it against his lips and moaning when he sees it twitch.

“In your mouth princess,” Dream mutters, knocking George’s hand away with his own so he can take the base in a firm grip. His other hand is still threaded through George’s hair, not pulling but moving his head back so his face is angled up slightly and the head of Dream’s cock can rest against his cheek.

His mouth opens without him meaning to, and he can feel Dream hit his face a few times, just to make sure George knows exactly what he’s about to take.

The fingers in his hair move his head back a fraction, letting Dream drag his cock against George’s lips tantalisingly slow, and ever so slowly he starts to push it in, letting George’s mouth stretch in an attempt to take it fully.

“There you go,” Dream mumbles, letting out a breathy moan as George’s tongue runs over the underside of his cock, doing its best to stay useful even though Dream is so far down his throat that he can barely move, “So good.”

George isn’t even close to the base, his lips barely wrapped around Dream’s cock, and he knows he can do better, but Dream is being too damn careful and not even giving him the chance to. He can feel the weight, Dream’s cock so heavy in his mouth, and it’s even better than he’d imagined, so stupidly good that he could sit here for hours and just take what Dream gives him.

“Don’t choke,” Dream warns. He guides George’s head up, bringing him back down slowly to make himself feel good, and George tightens his lips when he can, trying to show Dream just how good he can be.

It’s hard to breathe with Dream’s cock so far down his throat, but that doesn’t stop him from wanting more. He hums, hoping to send the vibrations through Dream’s body and it works, with the other bucking his hips up unintentionally.

George chokes, that’s a given, and he can feel Dream dragging his head back up so he doesn’t get too hurt.

“Fuck,” Dream groans, “I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine,” George mutters, “I can take it.”

“No but-”

“I mean it,” George says, much firmer this time, “Don’t hold back, I can take whatever you give me.”

Sighing, Dream pushes George’s head back down, letting him take his cock into his hand himself, “Whatever you say princess. Just tap my thigh if you need to stop.”

George has done this so many times, in fact he half considers himself an expert, and there's no way that he's going to let himself disappoint the man in front of him – if he never gets to taste Dream's cock again, then he wants to make sure that this is the best head he's ever given.

He takes Dream's cock between his lips, lets his tongue dig into the slit, and he makes sure to pay attention to the head, keeping it in his mouth at all times.

He uses his hand to stroke the places he can't reach, slowly lowering his head to take Dream further into his mouth. Each breath he takes is careful, precise so he isn't choking from the sheer length.

The first few inches are easy, and George is puffing out air through his nose and feeling the way Dream's cock twitches in his mouth every few seconds. The next part is slightly tricky, and George's jaw starts to hurt from the stretch but he refuses to stop. He can do it.

He feels Dream's cock hit the back of his throat, so big that it makes his eyes flutter shut, and his hand is still wrapped around the base, making sure that nothing is left out, because no matter how difficult it's going to be he wants to take everything.

Determined, he makes an effort to deepthroat Dream's cock, forcing his head down even further, and it's a struggle not to choke but he manages it, his fingers squeezing Dream's thighs hard enough to leave little bruises for the next day.

“Shit,” Dream groans, sounding far too strained after too little time, and George wants to know if he'll hold George's head down when he cums, make him swallow it with no remorse, or he'll drag him back and finish on his face, a sour reminder of just how much George had wanted this.

Eventually his nose presses against darker hairs, and he doesn't know if it's possible for him to maintain this for long but he wants to burn the image into Dream's skull before he pulls away. Watery eyes dart up to try and find Dream's face, barely managing to stay open as he stares at the other.

And this must be obscene – George moaning with his mouth stuffed full of Dream's cock and the rest of his body practically useless – but if it gets Dream off, then George is more than willing to be the perfect little cockwarmer for however long he wants.

“Fuck,” Dream breathes, pushing a hair out of George's eyes so he can get the perfect picture, “So good.”

When it does get too much, he pulls back, letting Dream's cock slip from between his lips, slick with saliva and the warmth from George's mouth. He wipes off his lips with the back of his hand, feeling his jaw ache a little more, and he can sense that Dream's about to say something, probably patronise him or compliment him on how well he can take dick.

But before he has the chance, George has taken him back into his hand and his lips are wrapped around Dream's cock.

He moves quickly this time, not bothering to take it all and just focusing on making Dream feel as good as possible. He tightens his lips when he pulls back, bobbing up and down and using his hands to hold the base.

And for a second, George lets his teeth scrape along the skin, hearing Dream hiss and wanting to force the sound out of him again. It's probably one of the best blowjobs he's ever given, fast and not too precise but it's overshadowed by his eagerness.

He feels Dream's cock twitch against his tongue, a sure signal that he's close, and George wants him to cum down his throat, he wants to taste it, feel the way his cock throbs when he's finally at his orgasm.

The sounds he's making are filthy, making Dream's cock slick as he swallows around him, hollowing his cheeks to increase the pressure. The way Dream's thighs tremble with self-restraint is amusing too, the taller so desperately trying to hold back in order to avoid hurting the other.

And just as George thinks he's got him past the point of no return, that Dream is about to cum, he's pulled back completely, an unintentional whine slipping from his lips.

"What the fuck?" George croaks, fucked out voice coming across harsh to his own ears, squeezing on Dream's thighs for emphasis.

The look he's met with is fond, and it seems out of place considering George just finished sucking Dream's cock, but he doesn't say anything about it. "I was close," Dream explains, his chest still heaving.

Lips curling into a frown, George doesn't know if he should get up, wanting Dream back in his mouth more than anything but knowing that if he wants this to last much longer, then it's not the smartest idea.

He flicks the side of Dream's cock, trying to get a reaction, and he certainly gets one, with Dream groaning and lifting his chin up to get a good look at his face. "Can I fuck you?" He asks. His fingers hold onto George's face, too tight and too harsh but George likes it.

"Yes," He agrees. He can be embarrassed by his eagerness tomorrow, but right now he doesn't care how desperate he seems, the proposition is too good to deny.

"Your room," Dream orders, dropping his grip on George's face, "Now."

Scrambling to get to his feet, George practically flings himself across the room. His feet move fast, carrying him over to the door with Dream close behind. He kicked his pants fully off by the couch and is working on getting his shirt up over his shoulders.

George leaps at the opportunity, turning around so they're face to face and running his palms up Dream's torso. He gets pressed against his bedroom door by strong hands, and even if he tried, George doesn't think he could escape the grip, it's too strong for him to do anything other than squirm.

They both pull Dream's shirt off, more skin being exposed every second. And George has seen Dream shirtless, they live together, how could he not? But still, it doesn't fail to make him lose his breath.

He doesn't have abs exactly, but he's still fit, well built with definite muscle, and George's eyes stay stuck to the long expanse of skin above his hipbones, completely fixated on just how attractive Dream is.

Dream's pushing him up against the door, throwing his shirt to the floor and looking down to meet George's eyes, and it's a silent plea but Dream takes it anyway, surging down to connect his lips with George's.

They kiss like it's their last wish, messy and horrifically zealous. Teeth knock and click together, and their noses bump against each other when George tries to change the angle and slip his tongue in. Dream takes charge pretty easily, and George doesn't do much to stop him, pretending to put up

a fight and then sinking back against the door and moaning softly.

He sucks on Dream's tongue, feeling hips grind against his. And he's hard, definitely, but this is the first time he's paid much attention to it.

"Bed," he murmurs against Dream's lips, "Fuck."

He's pulled away from the door, replaced by Dream's own body, and he moves to grab the door handle, let them both in, but just his luck, it's jammed. Annoyed, he pushes it more, trying not to embarrass himself too much, but he doesn't have to try for long before he's being pushed to the side and Dream is slamming the door open.

The ease at which he does it is slightly hot, and George isn't even ashamed to say that it made his cock even harder. The thin material of his boxers barely hides his situation, and he's sure that his own size pales in comparison to Dream's but it only manages to make him even more turned on.

They both move towards the bed, shutting the door behind them with too much force, and tomorrow their neighbours will complain about the noise and they'll get some sternly worded letter about not letting it happen again, but for all George cares, Dream can make as much noise as he wants as long as he gets fucked by the end of the night.

"Where's the lube?" Dream asks, getting dragged down onto the bed with George. He's just as impatient as George, leaning down to plant wet, open mouthed kisses against his neck in between words.

Cold hands snake up George's shirt, pushing it up past his torso so the material can pool around his chest.

"Table," George chokes out, and instead of going to grab it, Dream ducks his head down to take George's nipples between his lips. He sucks on the skin around it first, rubbing his nipples between his thumb and his forefinger then taking it into his mouth. And George can't help little moans from escaping his lips, because *fuck*, that's good.

Dream stays there for far too long and one hand reaches down to palm George through his boxers. His legs shake slightly, muscles trembling as he thinks about everything that Dream can do to him.

Maybe he'll keep his head there or move so his thighs bracket George's face and his cock is back in his mouth. He could hold George's head there and fuck his face until tears are streaming down his cheeks and the thought rips a moan from George's lips.

One day they need to do that.

"*Dream*," he moans, feeling a hand slip into his boxers and take him into his fist. The way Dream's hand swallows his cock is addictive, and he feels so small under the grip, as though Dream could cover every inch of him if he tries.

He moves his hands down to shimmy out of the clothing, and Dream helps him, holding up his legs to get him out of his boxers. The shirt is the only thing on his body, not really covering anything, and Dream gives up a minute of properly touching George's skin, to try and get him out of it.

"God, look at you," Dream chuckles, leaning back to admire the other's body. "So pretty Georgie."

It makes George squirm a bit, chest turning pink under the stare, and the relief that overcomes him when Dream turns away to grab the lube out of his side table is immense. The pillow behind his head makes things comfortable, and this is not how George had imagined his day going but he's

certainly not going to complain.

“Fuck,” Dream breathes, looking into drawer of George’s bedside table with wide eyes. “Do you really use this?”

George knows what he’s looking at immediately, and he rushes to close the drawer and stop Dream’s prying eyes from finding anything else, but the toy is already in Dream’s hand, being lifted up and exposed to the rest of the room.

“Yeah,” George mumbles.

“Did you imagine it was me?” Dream asks, cocky tone back and stronger than before, and George just nods. “One day I’ll fuck you with it. Or you can sit on it while you suck my dick, how about that?”

A strangled sound escapes George’s mouth.

“Yeah?” Dream asks, “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” He smiles dropping the toy back into the bed and grabbing the lube from next to it. “On your stomach princess.”

The pet name makes George scowl but he does as he’s asked, turning so his cock drags against the sheets of his bed and sits snug between his stomach and the covers.

He can hear the pop of the cap from behind him, the half empty bottle of lube being emptied into Dream’s palm. One of Dream’s hands moves to lift his hips slightly, and George goes along with it, not wanting to make things more difficult for himself.

If he wants to take Dream then he’s really going to need this, and even if George likes the stretch, he doesn’t want too much of the pain.

“Going to prep you now,” Dream mumbles although it’s obvious that George already knew. It’s probably to calm his own nerves, George figures, so he doesn’t make a comment.

A cold finger touches his rim, slippery and wet and threatening to push in and George pushes back against it despite his mind yelling at him not to. Dream’s fingers feel bigger than his George discovers, muttering a soft “*fuck*,” when Dream pushes the first finger in, slow and tantalizingly perfect.

His fingers are thick, much longer than George’s, and it makes his mind run wild. His legs shift further apart without him meaning them to, Dream working the first finger in and out at a steady pace to get him ready for a second.

It’s already so good, and George is so tight around his finger too, clenching down after each sudden movement involuntarily. He tries to give Dream the best view possible, moaning softly against the pillow despite the pain that comes along with the preparation.

He pushes his hips back when he’s ready for the second, hoping that Dream understands the gesture and gives him what he needs. Thankfully, he does, pressing his middle finger against George’s tight entrance and starting to work it inside of him when he sees it right.

George offers nothing but a moan in response, gasping “*Dream*,” so breathlessly and doing his best not to let anything more slip. He tries to ride Dream’s hand, taking the second finger with a braver face than the first. And the way that Dream twists his fingers inside of him and presses against every spot makes his toes curl.

“Fuck,” George whines, pushing his hips back weakly, “Your fingers.”

“Yeah?” Dream taunts, “Is that good princess?”

He presses his fingers in further, searching around for George’s prostate with a smug grin on his face that’s leaking through into his tone. The answer is clear, George’s little whines telling him everything he needs to know but apparently he wants to have it spelled out for him instead.

“Tell me you like it,” Dream orders, stretching his fingers out even further, “How does it feel?”

“So good Dream,” George whimpers, “Your feel so good like this.”

He can hear the laugh behind him but he doesn’t really care, by now all he wants is for Dream to pin him down by the wrists and fuck him harder than anyone else ever has.

“How many times have you done this to yourself,” Dream asks, “Imagined it was me?”

And George wants to answer this time, fuel his ego so he’ll get ruined even further but his mouth won’t let him, so far gone from his brain that forming coherent sentences feels impossible.

The third finger is pressed in alongside the others mere seconds later, stretching him out so much, and George could never make himself feel like this, no matter how many times he’s sat on his hand or fucked himself in the shower, he’s never managed to find an angle so intrusive in the way that Dream does.

Calloused fingers move in and out of him carefully, dragging so perfectly that it should be illegal. George whines again, the loud laugh that Dream lets out making him tremble.

“More,” he whimpers, “I need more.”

“Let me prep you,” Dream says, placing a hand on George’s side and squeezing down on the skin, “Unless you want me to split you open then you’re going to need it.”

“Don’t care,” George gasps, feeling Dream’s fingers brush over his prostate for a second time, but this time his reaction is much more obvious, a high-pitched sound leaving his lips and a breathy moan following it, “Fuck me.”

He can feel Dream’s fingers slip out from his hole, leaving him empty and waiting, and perhaps it is a little hasty but right now he doesn’t care.

“How do you want it?” Dream asks, holding onto George’s hips just to show he can, and he presses his weight against him, pinning him down to the bed.

“Facing you,” George mumbles, and it’s pathetic how only Dream’s fingers have got him like this, but he’s so desperate to get his cock in him that he doesn’t care. With no complaints, George lets Dream flip him onto his back, his eyes slipping shut when he sees the dark expression that Dream is using to stare at him.

He takes a glance down between their bodies, letting out a shivering breath when he sees just how hard Dream is. The tip of his cock is red, angry and leaking pre-cum, and he’s holding onto the base, making George look at the way the veins on the back of his hand flex without meaning to.

Dream takes a hold on the underside of one of his thighs pushing it up and close to his chest so that George is fully exposed. Dream takes the other leg and wraps it around his waist, keeping the first near his shoulder, and he lets George keep his legs in place, trusting him not to move.

The bottle of lube gets picked up again, more being poured onto Dream's hand to slick up his cock, and George can feel the head being pressed against his entrance.

It catches on the rim, too big to just slip in with ease, and maybe the extra prep wouldn't have hurt, but by now the last thing that George wants is to stop whatever they're doing to go back to having Dream's fingers instead.

Dream holds onto the base, sitting on his knees and trying to line himself up. Heavy breaths and long gazes lie between them, and George does his best not to tense up, his eyes closing when Dream finally starts to push in.

"Fuck," George whimpers.

The stretch is almost too much, Dream's cock making him groan, and after every inch he feels as though they should be done now. His nerves feel as though they're on fire, cock twitching as Dream forces himself inside of his body, and the expression on his face probably tells the other everything he needs to know.

"Poor baby," Dream taunts, "Did my pretty princess take more than he can handle?"

"Fuck you," George spits, moaning with his head tipping back even further and showing off the pale unmarked skin on his neck. It hurts, George whimpering and biting his bottom lip to try and hide his sounds and Dream rubs his side to try and calm him.

"So big," George thinks aloud, the agonizingly slow pace making him squirm.

He's panting, not wanting to know how far there is to go in the fear of it being too much, and Dream's fingers shake with an attempt to not hurt him too badly. There's a part of him that enjoys the stretch though, the pain that surges through his body right before the pleasure making the hairs on the back of his arms stand up.

Dream keeps George seated on his cock, not letting him move away as he pushes in even further. His cock feels so good, stuffing him so full, and he definitely lives up to George's imagination, in fact he's probably even better.

"So good Dream," George moans, "Filling me up so much."

Dream groans, pausing his movements, "Keep talking and I won't be able to hold back," he warns.

"I don't want you to," George whimpers, picking his arms up with all of his strength and grabbing onto Dream's. "I want you to fuck me as hard as you can."

"It'll hurt," Dream reasons, muttering a soft "fuck" when George clenches down around him.

"Don't care," George breathes. His nails scrape along Dream's arms, digging into muscle and leaving red marks on the skin. "Fuck me."

"Okay princess," Dream mutters, shrugging George's hands off of him.

He lets his head hang low, taking a deep breath before holding onto George's leg and thrusting deep into his body. He doesn't stop until he's fully inside of him, forcing him to take it all without complaint, and it definitely manages to shut him up, stopping the moans from slipping from his throat and replacing them with a long, hoarse groan.

His brain short circuits, unable to come up with any thought other than how good he feels. And

Dream is big, Dream is stretching him far beyond what he can normally take enough so that tomorrow he's going to be sore, it'll hurt him to walk around and he'll be limping while struggling to come up with an innocent reason why.

Breathing heavily, George moans, not even getting a chance to let his mind catch up before Dream is leaning down, making his leg bend further towards his chest in an almost uncomfortable position.

The change in angle only forces Dream's cock deeper inside of him, making his hands move wildly to grasp at the sheets. And apparently, Dream took his previous words seriously, because he gives George half a glance before starting to move.

The initial pace isn't too brutal, Dream seeming to focus on going deep rather than anything else. He pulls himself out almost fully, letting the head of his cock rest inside of George's body, and he waits there for a second letting George get antsy before slamming back in.

"*Fuck*" George shrieks, his body moving back with the force and Dream's hands are by his head, keeping him in one position while his hips slam against together with a loud slap.

His thighs tremble, the force of Dream's thrusts making him scream, and it's almost too much immediately, the pleasure building up in his stomach and making his mind twist. His cock is so hard, leaking against his stomach and rubbing between his and Dream's bodies, and each movement from Dream makes it bounce.

He's trying to grasp desperately at whatever he can, hands coming up to touch Dream's chest then his arms, and then his shoulders. Moans get louder, sweaty skin making the sheets underneath him damp, but watching Dream's face as he fucks him is far more interesting than that.

He looks so pretty, ruining George by fucking him as hard and as deep as he can, and after a moment he notices George staring, using a hand to grab one of George's wrists and pin it to the bed.

"Do you like that?" Dream asks, snapping his hips in viciously. His thrusts have no remorse, doing their best to fuck deep into George's stomach and make him sob, "Is my cock good enough for you?"

George wouldn't be reacting this way if it wasn't but of course, Dream likes to be told just how amazing he feels so he can fuck the other with his ego just as enlarged as ever.

"Yes, *yes*" he babbles, "I love your cock."

Dream's hips move in a small circle, looking for the bundle of nerves inside of George's body, and it's just like Dream to have remembered where it was from earlier. He skims across it, watching a shudder wrack through George's body and then moving to brutally nail his prostate with every hit.

"So vein, aren't you?" Dream mutters, the spiteful words laced with fondness no matter how much he tries to shield it. "Only the best for you right princess? You only take the biggest cocks you can, want to be pinned down and fucked like you're just a toy."

"*Yes*," George moans, barely even listening to what's being said, "Dream, *please*."

"You want it hard and deep and you want to feel it for days, right?" Dream asks. He fucks him so well, pulling out desperate sobs and moans as the pace gets even more animalistic. "Of course you do."

He feels so small, being fucked with no control over how it happens, and Dream crowds him up against the sheets, practically smothering him with his own body.

“So pliant too,” Dream notes, “Like a pretty little fucktoy all for me.”

He annunciates it with another thrust, knocking the breath out of George’s lungs and making him whimper. All the sounds he makes are pathetic, but George is too caught up in his own pleasure to care about just how ruined he must look to the other.

Dream groans, cock twitching inside of George’s body. “Are you close?” he asks, voice strained.

He lets go of George’s wrist, grabbing onto his hand and pulling it towards the others stomach. George’s palm is completely covered by Dream’s and for half a second he’s confused, until he feels it.

Unmistakably, it’s Dream’s cock, forming a small bulge in his stomach from where he fucks him. And it’s only another signal of how big Dream really is, but it makes George moan weakly, nonetheless. He keeps his hand there, wanting to feel Dream from inside of him when he gets fucked, and George moans with every press against his palm.

“Yes,” He whines, feeling his orgasm creep towards him, “So close Dream.”

The taller doesn’t let up, making his thrusts even faster if possible, and the neighbours will be able to hear how loud George is being, the way his moans get higher in pitch and much more frequent when Dream closes his eyes and fucks him with all of the strength he possesses.

“Can I cum,” George asks, choking on his own breath, “*Please*, can I?”

“Of course you can princess.” Dream grins, still just as cocky but with lust lacing the edges of his voice.

He takes the hand off of George’s and moves it down to wrap it around his cock, using his pre-cum as a way to make his hand slick and easy to move. He twists his hand up when he moves, tightening his fist and doing his best to make George fall apart.

It works, George’s eyes rolling back and his toes beginning to curl, and he wraps one arm around Dream’s shoulders, dragging him down when he starts to feel his orgasm. He cums hard against Dream’s stomach, spilling over his fist with a loud moan and the words he can say is “*Dream*”.

His jaw drops open in a long moan, bliss running through his veins as he rides out his high, and it feels as though it lasts forever, with Dream ruthlessly fucking him through it.

It’s when his body goes limp that he starts to realise he’s still being fucked, and sensitivity runs through him, making the touch seem like it’s a thousand times more impactful.

“It’s too much,” George whines, “I can’t take it.”

“Yes you can,” Dream tells him, fucking him for his own pleasure now. “I’m close.”

Showing a bit of mercy, Dream moves away from his prostate, still fucking his worn out, but not purposefully hurting him. Dream’s hips stutter after a second, forcing the composed front to shatter, and Dream starts to get loud too, small groans slipping through his lips.

“*George*,” He moans. Feeling George clench down around his cock to try and make him cum. It’s overwhelmingly good, and George barely even processes Dream’s loud moan when he thrusts in

one last time and spills deep into his body.

He stays buried there for a moment, cock deep inside of the others body, and it would almost be easier to leave it there, just fall asleep like that, but George definitely wouldn't appreciate it in the morning.

George's face twists up when Dream starts to pull out, pain flashing through his features as his legs give way and he fully collapses onto the bed, with Dream flopping down next to him. He can feel Dream's cum drip out of him, leaking out of his hole, and his hand shakes when he lifts it to push back his hair.

They both don't speak for a second, trying to find their breath and needing a moment to let it catch up with them. And after a while, just to break the silence, George says a quiet, "Fuck."

"Yeah," Dream agrees. His head is buried in a pillow, eyes probably closed and overcome with tiredness, "So the size thing?"

"Shut up."

"No no, I'm not complaining," Dream explains, "But it was unexpected."

"How did you get onto my laptop anyway?" George asks, rolling onto his side and propping his head up on one hand. His skin is still sticky with sweat, cum on the backs of his thighs and slightly uncomfortable on his stomach.

Chuckling weakly, Dream smiles, "Your password is literally your birthday it was not that difficult."

Maybe he should change that, George thinks. "Shut up."

He doesn't know whether or not he should try and wrap an arm around Dream's chest, pull him close and ask to cuddle, and he doesn't want to embarrass himself either, so he lets himself stay in uncertainty.

"Is this going to be a reoccurring thing then?" Dream asks, taking the words out of his mouth so George doesn't have to ask first.

"I would hope so," He mutters in response. He'll blame the standoffishness on being tired, later.

"Good," Dream sighs. Lifting his head up from the pillow, he turns to face George. "Can I sleep here then?"

And the answer will be yes, it'll always be yes when it comes to Dream, he's perfect, charming and probably the best lay that George has ever had – but George has never been the best at telling people what he wants, and one day they're sure to both figure it out, but for now, all he says is "Clean me up and I'll think about it," and turns onto his stomach.

He'll be sore tomorrow, unable to walk anywhere without Dream helping him, but he doesn't mind, he'd do this over and over again if it meant that he and Dream could be this close.

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